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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IX.

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NUMBER 17.

## POETRY.

## Two Letters.

If you were dead and I were silent valley  
A red wild rose were blooming on your grave,  
In some lone fen where idle breezes daily  
And somberly green willow branches wave.

With willing feet I oft would stand above you,  
And with sad eyes your moss-grown name spell  
out.  
Thinking that each once said to each, "I love you!"  
In those far days before we dared to doubt.

But no, you are not dead; the world adores you,  
Kneels at your feet and calls you face divine;  
Knows your beauty, wears the fill it bores you,  
Knows not and cares not that you once were mine.

Edith, I care not that your blood is flowing  
In splendid radiant cheek or dusky wrist;  
That on your supple throat there still is glowing  
A queenly coil of pearl and amethyst;

Our love is dead, so you are dead thrice over,  
Though on your face has dropped no mourner's  
tears;  
And you were once maid and lover,  
And you are sundered than the furthest  
spheres.

But stars and spheres— Oh! what a silly letter  
A plain and prosy man will sometimes write.  
I'm sentimental, and you can't do better  
Than laugh at me, once more, with all your  
might.

The fact, you see, is this: I can't forget you;  
In all our quarrels I alone was wrong;  
And I've been blue enough since last I met you,  
A month ago; it seems ten times as long.

Oh! Edith, could I only go and see you,  
And tell you all the things I want to say;  
I cannot give you up; I will not free you;  
I love you, Edith. May I come to-day?

Here.  
Why, Tom, dear Tom, of course you may—  
You see I call you Tom again;  
So please come over, right away,  
You oddest, truest, best of men!

To tell the truth, I've pitied you,  
And you, most likely, pitied me;  
But then, you know, it wouldn't do  
To let the world my pity see.

You men, of course, are very wise,  
And think you know a woman's heart;  
But bats and owls have brighter eyes  
Than you to understand her art.

You were just hateful, though, that night;  
But I'm afraid I made you so;  
Tom, drop our quarrel out of sight—  
Forgive, forget, and let it go.

Well, Tom, I'll not write any more,  
Although, indeed, I've much to say;  
My master's at the door,  
So an answer, and come to-day.

P.S.—You frightened me to death  
With "willow," "valley," "grave," and  
"fen."  
Dear me! I almost lost my breath!  
Tom, don't you dare to do so again!

## STORE TELLER.

## MY STORY.

I am a minister's daughter, born  
among the Green Mountains of Ver-  
mont, and almost the first sight that  
my infant eyes beheld was the cloud-  
capped peak of Mount Mansfield that  
formed the background of the since  
familiar landscape.

The first of my recollection were  
living in a house that skillful hands  
had transformed from a rude log cabin  
into a bower of beauty. Vines were  
trained over the windows, flowers  
adorned the yard, growing in every  
available spot, while among the ivy  
over the door a bird swung in its cage,  
enlivening the day with its song.

Looking back, I know that the fur-  
niture was scanty and of the plainest  
description, and our food plain, often  
barely sufficient; but to my childhood  
fancy no king ever dwelt in a fairer  
palace or ate choicer viands. From  
the street which passed in front of  
the house, the ground sloped a green  
belt down to the edge of a broad  
river that in calm days lay smooth as  
a mirror, and that mirrorlike, reflected  
with almost startling accuracy the  
trees and houses from the opposite  
bank, which—unlike the side on which  
my home—rose abruptly for a few  
feet, then with a gradual slope formed  
a hill that was in summer covered with  
living green, on which, as I well knew,  
grew luscious wild grapes and tooth-  
some hazelnuts.

But how can I describe the summer  
night, when the moon, riding triumph-  
ant in the clear sky, cast a girdle of  
sparkling silver over the smooth water,  
as again when every tiny wave seemed  
to have caught a star, and held it  
proudly to its breast until the river  
below rivalled in beauty the sky above.

Again, there were days when the  
wild wind swept through the valley  
tossing the water angrily in his arms,  
and covering the crest of each wave  
with a white cap, that bursting with a  
little shout, scattered the spray high  
in the air.

I must have been a strange child,  
for I well remember standing by the  
window of the little parlor on such  
days longing to face the storm, to  
throw myself among the waves, to  
feel the wind blow back my hair, and  
the cold spray dash in my face.

There was no thoughts of death or  
danger, it was the wild freedom that  
lured me out. If I admired the river  
in its calm beauty, I almost worshiped  
it when tossed by angry storm.

Back of the house spread a broad  
green lawn with a vine-covered arbor  
at one side, and here with my young  
er sister Dollie I spent long hours;  
when wearied with our childish sports,  
we sat on a rustic seat, while Dollie  
never tired of listening to the weird  
tales that I never tired of weaving.

Another pleasant feature of my  
childhood, and one that stamped its  
influence over all my life, was the  
hours spent riding with my father in  
his daily pastoral calls.

His parishioners were scattered  
here and there among the hills, but  
though the way was ever so long it  
was never tiresome, and it was always  
with regret that I saw the end ap-  
proaching.

During these rides I learned many  
a never forgotten lesson from the  
overhanging trees, the grass-covered  
hills, the mountain brooks that ran  
beside the road, the cloud-speckled  
sky, and even the stones that lay in  
wild profusion by the wayside; so  
that at an age when other children are  
scarcely out of the nursery, I was  
strangely wise in many things not  
learned in books.

Neither was our home knowledge  
neglected; my mother, who had left  
a life of luxury to share the varying  
fortunes of her minister lover, found  
his meagre salary barely sufficient to  
procure the comforts of life, and gave  
up, one by one, the luxuries to which  
she had been accustomed; and added  
to her already full hands my own and  
Dollie's education.

My pen lingers fondly over those  
happy days; too young to know care  
or want, we found the present al-  
l-sufficient and little realized the con-  
stant anxiety to which our parents  
were subjected.

But then our lives had their one  
trial, and that was the annual and  
much dreaded visit of our proud, over-  
bearing grandmother. She had most  
exalted ideas of the dignity of a min-  
ister's family and numberless times in  
a day we were told to remember that  
we were "minister's children."

I well remember a friend of my  
mother's asking, as people will, "Whose  
little girls are these?" when Dollie  
answered, briskly, "To-day we are ma-  
ma's, but when mamma is here we're  
minister's."

But there came a time—a never-for-  
gotten time—when a new leaf was  
turned in our lives; and never, never  
again has the sun shone so brightly,  
the grass been so green, or the sky so  
blue.

An epidemic raged through the val-  
ley, and Dollie and myself were both  
stricken down. There were days and  
nights of pain and wakefulness; days  
when constant changing, strange faces  
seemed to fill the room; days that were a  
dreary blank; days of fretful weakness  
when unceasingly we cried for the dear  
face we were never again to see in life.  
Our much dreaded grandmother came,  
and almost as tenderly as our own  
mother could have done, ministered to  
our childish wants. She held us fond-  
ly in her arms, and lulled us to sleep  
with the low monotone of our favorite  
hymns; and when many times a day  
we begged piteously for "mama," in-  
stead of chiding us, as had been her  
wont, she would hold us in a closer  
embrace, while her own tears fell on  
our little faces.

One day, carefully wrapped in  
shawls, we were carried to the little  
parlor, where, with white, upturned  
face, lay our father. We were told to  
"kiss father," but started back shiver-  
ing and frightened at the icy coldness  
of his pale lips.

Again we were carried across the  
narrow hall, and this time into our  
mother's room; to this day I can see  
the small scantily furnished room, the  
white, drawn face and staring eyes of  
our mother, the stand covered with  
vials and cups, the white curtain that  
fell across the open window and fluttered  
in the June breeze; the neglected,  
dying vine, and our grandmother, who  
with streaming eyes bent over the bed,  
saying softly, "Daughter, can you see  
the children?"

The already dimmed eyes were turned  
toward us. Dollie lay for a moment  
on her arm, and then my own tear-  
stained face was placed against hers.  
With almost superhuman effort she  
held me closely to her breast, kissing  
me convulsively and whispering "Re-  
bekah, my darling, I leave Dollie to  
you." A strange legacy for a child of  
eight years.

"The child had grown a woman then."

It was my eighteenth birthday, and  
I stood alone in the room that for ten  
years had been shared by Dollie and  
myself. A large airy room with a bay  
window, in which grew beautiful plants  
and where, looking across the well  
kept lawn, bordered by a handsome  
hedge and the meadow land below, our  
eyes rested on the ever changing water  
of Lake Michigan. Within were soft  
carpets and costly furniture, while in a  
handsome book case at our side were  
arranged our well read books. A good-  
ly array of handsome pictures adorned  
the walls, and curtains of soft lace  
covered the windows.

On either side sliding doors opened  
into our sleeping room; Dollie's hung  
with blue, mine with crimson.

Here in childhood had poured in-  
to each other's sympathetic ears our  
childish troubles; here later we had  
cried over our French verbs or refrac-  
tory fractions; and our grandmother

so changed from the proud old lady of  
former days, as to be scarcely recog-  
nizable, with Dollie and myself on  
either side, had told over and over the  
story of our mother's childhood; and  
here, on the morning of my birthday,  
I stood alone, while Dollie was on the  
walk below, with much chattering and  
laughter, gathering flowers for the  
breakfast table, the centre—as was al-  
ways the case—of an admiring group.  
There was as usual guests at the house  
for we were fond of society, and from  
the day we had been brought to our  
grandmother's, two selfish and wholly  
forlorn little damsels, whatever we  
were fond of was in some way provid-  
ed.

Watching them I thought that the  
tall young minister, of whom I stood  
in so much awe, and who was now  
our grandmother's guest, must be  
greatly shocked at Dollie's laughter,  
and almost wished that she would con-  
form herself to what I supposed was  
his standard of womanly behavior.  
So absorbed was I, that I failed to hear  
an approaching footstep, and started  
with surprise when my grandmother's  
soft hand was laid on my arm. "May  
you have many happy birthdays, my  
darling," she said, as she kissed me  
tenderly, "and may this,"—here she  
clasped a string of pearls about my  
neck—"remind you of that other  
pearl that I hope my darling carries in  
her heart and that she must diligently  
regard each hour of the day."

Tears sprang to my eyes, and at  
once my thoughts flew back to my mo-  
ther's dying gift, and instinctively I  
turned to the window. At the same  
instant Mr. Phillips, the young minis-  
ter, dropped on one knee and with  
much mock humility presented for  
Dollie's acceptance, on a silver made  
of oak leaves, a tiny rose bud, while  
the others, grouped about with much  
laughter and clapping of hands, show-  
ed their appreciation of the scene.

Amused, I was about to throw open  
the window, when my attention was  
recalled to my grandmother, who  
staggered across the room, her face  
covered with her hands, and dropping  
on the sofa, burst into tears.

"What is it," I cried, are you ill?"  
She drew me to her side, saying,  
"Rebekah, my darling, the time has  
come for me to tell you of your mo-  
ther's life. She was very beautiful,  
and as you know my only child, I  
spared no expense in fitting her for  
the position I hoped she would some  
day fill, knowing that with her beauty  
and accomplishments she could easily  
make what I was pleased to call a  
splendid marriage. I willingly con-  
sented to have her leave the seaside,  
where we were spending the summer,  
for a visit to a maiden aunt, in a little  
country village, especially as your  
grandfather was seriously ill and re-  
quired my constant attention."

She wrote me that the pure air was  
proving a fine tonic and that the quiet  
of the village was a most welcome  
change from our gay life, but when  
later she wrote me that she had prom-  
ised to marry the clergyman, whose  
church she had attended during the  
Summer, my anger knew no bounds.

I sent for her to come home, and  
when a week later her lover followed,  
I denounced him in no measured terms.  
I accused him of being a fortune hunter,  
and ended by saying that I should not  
forbid her marrying him, but that she  
should go a dowryless bride.

They were married, even refusing the  
grand wedding I would have made for  
them, and went directly to the little  
house where they died. Once a year  
I made those visits which you learned  
to dread so much, but they never asked  
for assistance, and may God forgive me,  
I offered none, but, Rebekah, believe  
me, I never knew how hard was their  
struggle until your mother lay dying.

"Of late I have thought that the  
hopes of my younger days were to be  
fulfilled. But my proud heart has need  
of one more lesson."

"But, grandmother, what is it?"  
What has happened?"

"It is, she answered smilingly, "that  
I have suddenly found that you are no  
longer children, and that Dollie, at  
least, is likely to follow in the footsteps  
of her mother."

In a moment the meaning of her  
words flashed across me, and I sprang  
to my feet with a nervous laugh, say-  
ing, "O, grandmother, you must be  
mistaken. For I knew that Mr. Phil-  
lips, with his gentle ways, had won a  
place in my heart that no one else could  
fill, and that if she was correct, defer-  
ence with which he had treated me  
could have no deeper meaning than  
that I was Dollie's sister."

She rose smiling, "Don't look so dis-  
tressed, child; the thought gave me a  
shock at first, but you may rest assured  
that I shall not spoil Dollie's life by  
my pride, nor your birthday by my  
tears."

My birthday party was a brilliant suc-  
cess, and I was the gayest of them all,  
but no one saw me when, the last guest  
gone, I sat alone in my room, shedding  
bitter tears over a little box in which I  
placed a few withered flowers, a myrtle  
leaf he had once bound in my hair, and  
an innocent little note. And when the

next day I placed the box with its pre-  
cious contents on the coals, I felt that  
whatever the reality of my life might  
be, its one dream was past.

Dollie was nineteen when at last Mr.  
Phillips claimed her, and it was two  
years later, on a fair June day, that I  
walked slowly down a smooth graveled  
path to a white house that opened wide  
its hospitable doors to receive me,  
while the sister who bounded down the  
steps as I approached was far more  
beautiful than the blushing bride I had  
last held in my arms.

Would that I could properly describe  
this model home. Wide rooms, where  
the sunlight always played, where easy  
chairs and deep armed sofas invited to  
repose; rooms of elegant comfort,  
whose doors were always open, and  
where the ever-welcome guest, delight-  
ed to linger; the study, opening from  
a wide piazza, with its book-lined  
shelves; and above all, a daintily  
furnished room, where a second Re-  
bekah—his child—reigned supreme.  
Many times during my stay, Dollie  
assured me that there was no other  
life quite so desirable as that of a  
minister's wife, and I wondered in an  
idle way what she would think if she  
knew how heartily I assented.

To dear grandmother's kind hands  
was left the ordering of my future,  
and when I stood under the marriage  
bell her life long hopes were more  
than realized. Dear grandmother! she,  
at last, is happy, and for the rest  
what does it matter?

## THE ILL-FATED BROTHERS.

Some sixty years ago, when only  
fifteen Summers and Winters had passed  
over my head, I was going home to  
dinner one afternoon, and had arrived  
as far as the corner of Front and  
Roosevelt streets when I paused on  
seeing a considerable crowd collected  
in front of M—& C—'s store.

Above the heads of the bystanders  
loomed that of a big cartman whom  
I had often seen in that vicinity, and  
ever and anon he lifted a rattan as if  
threatening some person with severe  
chastisement.

I pressed forward to take a look at  
the victim, but that was not accomplish-  
ed till I had got inside the ring, for  
the individual who had incurred the  
wrath of the gigmatic cartman was a  
small negro boy—a mere child; and  
there he stood trembling like a leaf,  
and almost white with terror as he  
momentarily expected the scourge to  
descend upon his head and shoulders.

The surrounding throng laughed and  
jeered; they were highly entertained  
by the terror of the little black boy.

A number of sacks filled with cinna-  
mon were piled on the sidewalk; they  
had just been landed from an East  
India ship that lay at the wharf near  
by. The little boys finding little holes  
in these sacks through which the cinna-  
mon projected, had improved the  
occasion to supply themselves gratis.

When the big cartman pounced  
upon them they scattered, and all  
escaped except the little black boy, and  
of him the cartman had thought  
proper to make an example.

As he stood there cowering and  
friendless, I placed myself at his side,  
saying, "Don't be frightened, little fel-  
low—he dare not hurt you."

Down came the rattan upon one of  
my legs, and the delighted crowd glori-  
ed in finding a new subject for their  
mirth, while an enormous fat woman  
still further contributed to their mer-  
riment by placing herself in front of me  
glaring in my face, and demanding in  
the shrillest tones: "Are you a nigger  
whitewashed, that you take a nigger's  
part?"

The little negro taking advantage of  
this diversion in his favor, glided  
through the crowd, and putting all his  
legs to the ground, got off clear.

The blow which I received from the  
cartman's rattan was no great thing,  
but the insult was something, and as I  
looked up at him resentfully he said,  
"Oh, I don't care who your father is—  
I don't care who your father is."

Of course not; what should he care  
for fathers, mothers, uncles, or aunts?  
Was he not the favorite cartman of the  
wealthy house of M—& C—? Had he  
not a good, round salary, and a perma-  
nent situation? Thus established for  
life, could he not afford to be perfectly  
independent of everybody except his  
wealthy employers?

Three years from that time I went  
on my first voyage to sea. On my return  
home at the end of three years and four  
months, among the first news that I  
heard was, that the big cartman, called  
Dobbins, had hung himself.

"How is that?" I asked.

"Why, you see," was the reply; "he  
had long been in the service of M—,  
& C—, and when they failed nobody else  
cared to employ him. The consequence  
was that he became miserably poor, and  
finally, he has hung himself in despair."

That was sad news, and as it was a  
disagreeable subject of contemplation,  
I banished it from my memory in the  
belief that the fate of Big Dobbins  
would soon be forgotten. I was mis-  
taken.

Being adrift in Valparaiso, three or  
four years afterward, I entered the navy,  
and signed the papers on board the U.  
S. ship B—, which lay in the harbor.

After writing my name, and hold-  
ing a brief conference with the First  
Lieutenant, I was passing along the  
gun deck when an object that met my  
view, caused me to start.

Was I dreaming?

There stood before me a gigantic sea-  
man, with a colt in his hand, with the  
features of Big Dobbins. It not only  
seemed to be the man himself, but he  
also fixed an evil eye on my coun-  
tenance, as if he recognized me.

"Who is that man?" demanded I of  
a seaman, as soon as I had passed for-  
ward.

"What—that boatswain's mate, you  
der? Why that's Big Dobbins, and—"  
"Big Dobbins!" cried I. "Can it  
be possible that I was misinformed, or  
was he cut down before life was ex-  
tinct?"

"Cut down!" exclaimed the sailor,  
staring in his turn, and then, after a  
moment's reflection he added: "O, I  
know what you are thinking of, now,  
he had a brother that drove a cart in  
New York, who hung himself."

"



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 1.25. If not paid within six months, 2.00. These prices are variable. Remit by post of free money order, or by registered letter. 50c Terms, cash in advance.

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The sad account which we give in another column of the terrible calamity which has befallen Mr. A. V. Bergquist will, we hope, serve as a warning to all who are disposed to meddle with the affairs or thwart the honorable designs of any of their honest companions. Mr. Bergquist was of a nervous temperament. We had the pleasure of meeting him twice—once at the Empire State Association Reunion at Elmira, and again at the next reunion held in Buffalo—and we can without hesitation say that he was a generous, open-handed, modest gentleman. Simplicity of heart seemed to be his ruling characteristic, a trait which at once made him an easy victim to designing persons. We have not yet learned if his mental affliction is likely to be permanent.

Insane! Just think of it! Being in the world, yet not belonging to it. Possessed of a mind that knows no hope, but is continually the prey of tortured emotions. We sincerely hope that Mr. Bergquist will recover, and that if he should again mingle with his deaf-mute brethren, they will treat him with more consideration and kindness.

Our aged brother of the *Advance*, finding his stock of arguments running short tries to make a bit by sneering at what he terms "fledglings in the field of journalism." This is all right, and we admit that Frank is the oldest and we are also quite willing to admit that his paper contains the oldest news, a point which our worthy brother failed to state. A paper that contains no editorials, cannot expect to be revered and respected no matter how many years have passed over the editor's head. We agree with an exchange, that Frank had better turn his mind to agricultural pursuits, and he would meet with more success.

"Each might their several province well command, Would all but stoop to what they understand."

## Confirmation at St. Ann's Church.

On Sunday last, April 18th, St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes in New York City, was filled to overflowing, with a mixed congregation of deaf-mutes and hearing persons. The day was bright and beautiful. Punctually at 3 o'clock P. M., the children of the Sunday school came up from the school room with several banners, and singing the hymn commencing, "Onward, Christian soldiers." As they proceeded up the middle aisle of the church, with the Rev. Mr. Kraus at their head, the venerable Bishop Potter and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet came from the vestry room and took their places at the chancel. After the bishop had spoken a few words to the children, they took the seats which had been reserved for them, and the service commenced. As the Rev. Mr. Kraus read orally, Dr. Gallaudet interpreted in the sign-language. After the offerings for Diocesan Missions had been taken, the Bishop began the confirmation. There were twenty-two candidates, three of whom, Miss Annie Jetter and Messrs. Solomon Place, Cornelius and Sylvanus Hewlett, were deaf-mutes. The Bishop (Dr. G. in interpreting) asked the candidates if they solemnly ratified the vows of baptism which had been made by themselves or sponsors. Having answered, yes, they knelt down at the chancel rail, and the Bishop placed his hands on the head of each one offering at the same time the following short prayer: "Defend, O Lord, this thy servant with thy heavenly grace, that he (or she) may continue thine forever; and daily increase in thy holy spirit more and more till he (or she) come to thy everlasting kingdom. Amen." The bishop made a short, touching address full of Godly coun-

sel and gave them his blessing. The whole service throughout was interpreted in the sign-language, and was one of the largest combined services ever held.

## NOTICES.

The Quarterly Service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Albany, will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet on Sunday, April 25th, at 2:30 P. M. Dr. Gallaudet expects to address the Troy Literary Club of Deaf-mutes on Saturday evening, the 24th inst.

A Bible-Class for deaf-mutes is held in one of the basement rooms of St. Ann's Church, every Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

John Darro, has removed from Buskirk's Bridge to Johnsonville, N. Y.

Jeff D. Busby, of Mackville, Ky., would like to obtain a situation as a compositor.

Mr. Moses Fisher is working at saddle and harness-making at Mt. Pleasant, N. C. He is a fine penman.

Fred Tillman, the Treasurer of the Pleasure Society of the New York Institution, has his pockets full of old coins, and says he will soon put them in a penny savings bank.

Mr. Samuel E. Lewis left East Saginaw on Saturday, the 10th inst., for Jackson, then forward to his home, where he will remain all summer, on his farm. We wish him safely home.

Some time ago Mr. Francis Croken, a graduate of the New York Institution, left New York City for Kingston, New York, where he expects to find employment. His old chums wish him success.

Mr. John Randall Smith, a graduate of the New York Institution, wishes to inform the readers of the *Journal* that he is living in Saginaw City, Mich. He is a shoemaker by occupation. He says he makes \$2 per day. He calls himself the "Boss shoemaker of Michigan."

George W. Hartley moved to East Liberty, near Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 1st of April. He enjoyed visiting Mr. and Mrs. Sam Davidson. He is a good carpenter and joiner, which occupation he has been engaged in for a number of years. He was educated at the Philadelphia Institution.

Mrs. Will Beach nee Miss Ida M. Poole, of St. John, Mich., died of consumption last Monday. Miss Poole taught in the deaf-mute department in this school for three years, and while here made many friends. We will try and give a more extended notice next week.—*Mirror*.

Mr. George Farley, who has been employed for some time in the New York Institution Printing Office, resigned on Wednesday, April 21st. Mr. Farley had applied for an increase of pay, and upon his application being denied, he decided that it was better to go where he could make more money.

Miss T. C. Carrender, a deaf-mute of Atlanta, has been housekeeping for Dr. William Love, of that place, for twenty-eight years. She has the full confidence of the family, who are very kind to her. Dr. Love is a great friend to deaf-mutes, and can converse quite readily in the sign-language. He holds quite a high position in the community in which he resides.

A deaf-mute named George Donley, of Dunkard Township, Greene County, about 12 or 15 miles from Washington, Pa., came to his death on the night of May 23d, under the following circumstances: During the night he was restless and unable to sleep, and left his bed. He went into the garden, where he appears to have wandered in a bewildered condition, until he fell into a spring of water and there perished. The deceased was fifty-three years of age, but had never been married.

Mr. James W. McAlexander writes: I started for Memphis on April 24, for the purpose of seeing Rev. Mr. Turner, but owing to the bridge being broken near Mount Allegheny, between Virginia and Tennessee, I did not reach there in time. I did not see Prof. Turner and the others. I got home on the 6th. I expected to be in Oxford on the 5th, but I was disappointed. If any of my friends want to know where I am, I live 3 miles southeast of Mt. Pleasant. They can direct my papers and letters to Slayden Crossing, Miss. I visit my parents every Saturday. They live about 12 miles northwest of Holly Springs.

Mr. Joseph L. Clemens, who holds the responsible post of night watchman at the New York Institution, contemplates leaving us in a few days to enter upon a new field of labor in his native State, New Jersey. He has fixed his departure for the 23d or 24th of the present month. He has, we notice, frequented the city lately to make numerous purchases, many of which have been packed and sent to his home. He says he has an offer from a friend to work on a farm at \$25 a month. He will remain somewhere in the village, near the Institution, for a week, and then start for home, where he expects to settle and marry.

The many friends and acquaintances of Miss Sarah F. Emanuel, of Brooklyn, will be very glad to hear that she is slowly, but surely recovering from her long illness. She has been sick for over four months, so sick, indeed, that her physicians gave up all hope of her recovery. But you all know what good treatment and kind assistance can do in sickness. She had her mother, sister, or a lady friend by her side all the time. Her physicians will permit her to take a ride once a day next week. Now she is able to sit up in an arm-chair, but not quite able to walk around the room. It is to be hoped that she will be able to attend the coming excursion of the Manhattan Literary Association.

The Board of Trustees of the school for deaf-mutes at Beverly held its quarterly meeting on Monday afternoon, at Ryall Side.

A fair is to be held for the benefit of the school in Beverly, next May, on which occasion Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will be present to assist in making it more interesting. An extended notice of the fair will be given before the time. The following ladies will represent the committee of arrangements: Miss Nellie H. Sweet, President, for Beverly and Salem; Miss Sarah Whipple, Treasurer, for Salem; Mrs. F. H. Bowden, for Marblehead; Mrs. Mary P. Alwood and Miss Ellen A. Richardson, for Newburyport; Miss Annie F. Finnimore, for Lawrence; and Miss Annie M. Deering, for Saco and Biddeford. Any one wishing to help the fair will please send the money or articles to Miss Nellie H. Sweet, Beverly, Mass.—*Beverly (Mass.) Citizen*.

A. Dezendorf and J. A. Lonsbury would like to hear from their old friend, Charles Lawton.

Messrs. G. L. Reynolds, Adolph Ekardt and Albert Ballin, made a short call at the New York Institution last Sunday evening.

Three mutes are employed in E. Treadwell & Son's Cracker Bakery in New York City. Their wages are very handsome.

Edward Dunlap, who graduated from the New York Institution lately, has obtained a situation in a glass-blowing establishment in New York.

Mr. B. B. Lloyd, of the New York Institution, has been ill for a couple of days, but is now as well as usual.

John A. Lonsbury, mute runner, will become a member of the American Athletic Club soon, through the influence of a Brooklyn mute pedestrian.

Dr. I. L. Post delivered an address at a meeting of the Yale College Alumni Association, at Delmonico's the other evening.

William D. Frey went to Highland Falls again last Saturday by the order of his family physician. His health had been poor since his arrival from the country last week.

Mr. H. D. Reaves, a teacher in the New York school, will move in a week or so. His new home will be a handsome brick edifice, which has just been built, and contains all the modern improvements.

John Partington, who left the New York Institution about ten years ago, stopped at Baltimore on his way homeward to New York, to see Miss F., who was a pupil of the Maryland Institution, three weeks ago.

Prof. George L. Brockett, who was at one time a teacher in the Michigan Institution, died on April 4th. The *Lockport Journal* of April 5th, contains an obituary of the deceased, which has been copied in the *Mirror* and a few additional laudatory words added to it.

An Albany chap is courting a deaf and dumb beauty, and he says he enjoys evening recreations with his dumb belle.—*Whitehall Times*. She is, however, deaf to all his attentions.—*Kew-Kook Constitution*. But not dumb to his caresses, you bet.—*Meriden Recorder*.

One of the bachelor teachers of the Kentucky Institution, has received a proposal, this being leap year. The *Deaf-Mute* says: "The soft darkness on his cheek paled a little." Our bachelor teacher has been left out in the cold up to date, as has also ye bachelor editor.—*Mirror*.

There is a mute working in the (?) baby carriage factory. His name is Henry Westphal, and his education is limited—*Advance*. Poor Westphal! Limited Education! Ah! Brother Reed, this is very sad, but you know we all cannot have that absolute command of knowledge which permeates the editor of our Illinois *Liminary*.

Last Wednesday, the members of the American Athletic Club elected Alex. Dezendorf as a member of that club. The club would like Michael McFall, who claims to be a champion 100-yard sprinter, and some deaf-mute athletes to join the club. Alex. Dezendorf will walk in athletic games during the coming season.

Miss Maggie Wilson, who was last fall appointed a supervisor of the girls at the New York Institution, but was forced to resign on account of ill health, died last week of consumption. The deceased was a sister of Miss Jennie Wilson, a caretaker at the Tarrytown branch of the New York Institution.

Mr. John A. Lonsbury, now of Brooklyn, says he is going to buy a \$5.00 silk plug hat, a cane and a cigar, and go up to dear old Fanwood and show his friends there that he is one of Brooklyn's Wallabout street dashing avails. John is fully capable of acting the part of a swell, and Dr. L. L. Post won't be surprised a bit when he sees his old pupil. Friend John is a good workman and gets steady work. We wish him success.

Deaf-mutes who go courting may consider themselves more favored in that respect than their hearing brethren, because there is no photograph that will tell the damsel's pa in the morning what she and her lover said last evening, should he ever put one under the sofa before retiring. But look out! Edison is not through with his inventions yet, and he may invent a self-acting camera. Then how will they like it? So says "Archimedes."

Among the many pretty girls who attended St. Ann's Church last Sunday we noticed our old schoolmate and friend, Miss Leonora C. Gray, Brooklyn's charming belle, dressed gaily in silk and velvet of the latest Fifth avenue style. Miss Gray can and does dress gayer than any other deaf-mute lady in New York or Brooklyn, and the young man who is fortunate enough to capture her heart and hand will have good reason to be proud of possessing such a perfect beauty.

It must be gratifying to all who take an interest in deaf-mutes' affairs, to learn from time to time, of instances proving that deaf-mutes are capable of taking care of themselves and engaging in mechanical and other pursuits of life, prospering in their undertakings. As an example of the kind, we may mention Mr. Leopold Loewenstein, known among the German mutes as "the father." He has a shop 50x100 feet in size, with nine sewing machines, and employs 20 to 40 hands. He is working for some of the largest clothing houses in this city.

M. J. Smith is the general recorder and assistant foreman of the railroad department at the Vulcan steel works and enjoys a salary of \$125 per month, though he is a deaf-mute. He has four mutes working at the steel works. Last January he gave up the pedestrian arena to accept the lucrative position to which he will, it is hoped, stick. However, he says he is willing to accept Mr. Frisbee's challenge, and he offers to walk from one mile to six days' distance, for any sum Mr. Frisbee may name. The walk is to be fair, square heel and toe, and to come off in August during the reunion. In addition to the stakes he will wager \$200 to \$100 that he can give him one-fourth of a mile in five miles and beat him without difficulty. He offers to walk any five mutes in the country five miles, each one to walk one mile against him for from \$100 to \$250 a side, during the reunion.—*Advance*.

Complaint was made at the police office last Friday morning by Peter Long, against one Cuyler Hamilton, for assault and battery. It appears from the testimony that Hamilton and Long, in company with a person named Bell, in Exchange street drinking and carousing. Hamilton struck Long, for what cause is not stated, and Bell secured the watch; so they testified. Hamilton pleaded guilty of assault and battery and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$20, or to four months in the workhouse. He being out of money, was put behind the bars. Hamilton worked for Mr. Denton, a deaf-mute, milking cows, etc., and came there well recommended; but when taken to Canandaigua he was recognized as an old offender. Possibly by his arrest, Mr. Denton was saved from being robbed. There is reason to suppose that Hamilton contemplated such an act.—*Genoa Courier*.

## What has become of the Chicago Letter?

Louis Huff will hereafter work on the morning paper in Leadville, Colorado.

We hope to see a large attendance at the fair in the basement of St. Ann's Church to-night and to-morrow evening.

Mr. Charles Fisher, now living in West Virginia, subscribes for the *JOURNAL*. He says he is very glad to read about old friends in Philadelphia and Hartford. His wife, whose name before marriage was Elizabeth Rhoderick, graduated from the Philadelphia Institution about twenty-nine years ago.

Something else than fun can Burdette, the *Burlington Hawkeye* man, write on occasion. The following little sketch is quite as creditable to him as any of his humorous productions:

While I was lecturing at Washington I saw a lady with an intelligent pretty face and bright, eloquent eyes that were rarely lifted toward the speaker, and then only for a flash of time. They were bent upon her husband's hands almost constantly. Brilliant and accomplished a few years ago, she had gone down into the world of voiceless silence, and now all the music and all the speech that comes into her life comes through the tender devotion of her husband; and as I talked I watched him telling off the lecture on his fumble fingers, while her eager eyes glanced from them to his sympathetic face. It was a pretty picture of devotion. They were so young to have this cloud shadow the morning skies of their lives, but as I glanced from the voiceless wife to her husband I thought how beautifully the sunlight of his devotion was breaking through these clouds and tinting even their afflictions with a tender radiance. This discipline of attending upon sufferings is a good thing for man. It rounds out his life; it develops his manlier, nobler qualities; it makes his heart brave and tender and strong as a woman's.

## MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's uncle, Dayton, Ohio, on Thursday, April 15th, by the Rev. A. W. Mann, Miss Addie K. McCain, of Dayton, and Christian C. Hatfield, of the same place.

## College Chronicle.

The weather we at present enjoy is a various mixture of storm and calm, pleasant and unpleasant, cloudy and clear, and hot and cold.

Mr. Lewis Callahan, '84, has been suffering since the opening of the present term from an acute attack of inflammation of the intestines. Latest accounts report him improving.

With the single exception above mentioned, the health of all connected with the college is excellent.

Mr. Robt. Stevenson, of Ohio, left college last week on account of ill health. We trust his health will be soon restored to him.

It is said that "Rambling Soph" possesses the poetic temperament. In that case he should go alter his *nom de plume* as to read "The Dreaming Poet." What says R. S.?

The passage connecting the main building with the Chapel is being repaired with a mosaic of white marble and black slate. Said passage in consequence presents quite an improved appearance.

The students are anxious to know when "Hieronyma" intends to make us a visit. They promise her a grand reception if she will but come.

Presentation day falls this year on Wednesday, May 5th. The Seniors are quite busy at present, and are rarely seen out of their rooms (except on the B. B. ground). Guess we'll have some good orations, at any rate we ought to.

At the quarterly election of officers of the Literary Society, held April 10th, the following ticket was successful:—Pres., L. Goodman, '80; Vice-President, A. H. Schory, '81; Sec'y, Geo. T. Dougherty, '82; Treasurer, L. M. Larson, '82; Critic, Thos. F. Fox, '83; Librarian, N. F. Morrow. Mr. Henry White was chosen valedictorian for the year, and Mr. R. H. Long, reply orator. A resolution inviting "Hieronyma" to be present at the closing meeting of the Society and give her opinion on "their awful students" was passed unanimously.

The Kendalls are doing some good practice work and upon the completion of their new uniforms, will be ready for all comers. Before the Independents and Hudsons "go" for each other, let them call at Kendall Green and cross bats with our boys. We'll save them the trouble of deciding which is the champion mute base ball team.

Won't some other of our lady admirers follow the example set by "Deaf and Dumb Girl" and "Honey," by giving "us students" their opinion of us. Such letters are very interesting reading matter, and as they give us a free advertisement are very acceptable indeed.

Congressman Tucker lately paid the College a visit. The Senator had quite a familiar confab with the distinguished politician, in which politics, literature and things in general were discussed. The serious demeanor of the Sens. leads to the belief that one of them, at least, has an eye to Senatorial fame.

It is rumored that the "Preps" are soon to give an entertainment.

The monthly concert of the Bible-class was held on Sunday, April 11th, the subject being "Life of Christ." Representatives from the various classes in succession pointed out on the map the chief cities where Christ preached and described the nature of his work in each place. In the course of the services Dr. Gallaudet gave a report of the manner in which last year's charity collection, amounting to \$42.00, had been disbursed, and congratulated the class on its good work. The charity collection on the occasion amounted to \$8.30.

On the afternoon of the 10th inst., we were taken unawares by a visit from the distinguished English Scholar and Author, at present on a tour through the U. S., the Rev. John Saul Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester, England, and Principal of the Liverpool College. Accompanying the

reverend gentleman were his daughter, and also Dr. Sunderland, Sec'y of the College Trustees, Miss Daws, daughter of the Senator of that name, Charles Dudley Warner, the author; Yung Wing, the Chinese Ambassador to the U. S., Mr. Mackay, of the MacKay Institution for Deaf-Mutes, and several other ladies and gentlemen. The students were hastily called to the Chapel, where a formal reception was tendered the distinguished visitors. Impromptu addresses were made by members of the Senior class, to which Dr. Howson replied in a few well chosen words. The party subsequently went through the College, and expressed considerable surprise and satisfaction to find the College equal in all respects to speaking and hearing colleges. The Dr. seemed particularly pleased to find that our text books are the same as those used at Oxford.

"Scientific Recreation," was the subject of Prof. Gordon's lecture on Friday evening, April 18th. For the purpose of practical experiment, the lecture was delivered in the laboratory instead of in the lyceum, and well repaid the large audience which had assembled. Successful experiment was made in the course of the lecture, most of which related to the composition of colors. Specimens of New York "milk" and Cincinnati "beer" were produced by chemical union, amid great applause and a good deal of fun and merry bandinage.

Upon the reorganization of the Kendall base ball club some time ago, it was found that the club was in a sorry plight, and sadly needed new uniforms, etc. After some discussion as to the best and quickest mode of replenishing the treasury it was decided to ask the Glee Club to give an entertainment for the benefit of the impoverished Kendalls. The Glee Club, composed of half a dozen of the best actors and imitators in the college, viewed the proposition favorably, and immediately prepared a suitable programme. In little more than a week, through the joint management of Prof. Hotchkiss and H. White, every thing was ready, and on the evening of April 9th, the entertainment was given.

The performance opened at 7:30 P. M. with three shadow pantomimes entitled "Orpheus and Eurydice," three acts; "Preaching vs. Practice," one act; and "William Tell," four acts; given in succession in the above order. Each of them were especially prepared for the occasion, and met with merited applause. Succeeding them Mr. Codman rendered "Death Doomed" in pantomime, in such a pathetic manner that few eyes were undimmed among the audience. Upon his conclusion, the grand treat of the evening was given in the Pantomime, entitled "Gammer Gurton's Needle," in five acts.

This play is particularly adapted for college performance from the fact that its author was a famous Collegian, John Still, master of St. John and Trinity Colleges, Cambridge, and subsequently a bishop. It is quite probable that it was first performed by the students of these colleges about the year 1567.

The play is curious and interesting; not only as one of the oldest specimens of the class of literature it represents, but moreover for its intrinsic merit. The scene represents the humblest rustic life, and the *dramatis personae* belong to the uneducated class. The principal action of the comedy is the sudden loss of a needle with which Gammer (good mother) Gurton has been mending the breeches of her man Hodge. This loss was comparatively serious when needles were rare and costly. The whole intrigue consists in the search instituted after the unfortunate little implement, which is found at length discovered by Hodge himself, on suddenly setting down on it, sticking in the garment which Gammer Gurton has been repairing.

The play was well performed throughout—each party showing the necessary character acting needed in the part. Diccon, the crazy loon, represented by Mr. Geo. Sawyer, was true to life and could not be done better. Mr. Bryant as Gammer did the "old woman" part as only he knows how, while poor ill-used Hodge, in the person of Mr. Codman, was without a fault. The truly good Rev. Dr. Rat, in the person of Mr. T. F. Fox, kept the general merriment at high pressure by his dignified humor and appearance, while Mr. Schory, as the Bailey, was simply perfect. Dame Chat, by Mr. Zeigler, was also perfect, and the way she "went for Gammer, in the fight between them, and also the thrashing she gave Parson Kat was a caution."

Two pantomimes, viz: "Going to Dublin" and "Faust," ended the performance which, considered as a whole, reflects great credit on the Glee Club. The encomiums of the large audience present prove that we have still a good dramatic company, which can at the shortest notice supply a pleasant and interesting entertainment. The amount received is sufficient for the purpose intended, and so the Kendalls will soon go forth to glory with glorious new uniforms, won through the still more glorious acting of the "Glee Club."

L. M.

## REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Pittsburg, Pa. April 11th.  
Dayton, O. " 15th.  
Cincinnati, O. " 18th.  
Cleveland, O. " 25th.  
Other appointments will be made later on.  
A. W. MANN.  
Corner Erie and Chestnut streets, Cleveland, Ohio.

## A DEAF AND DUMB DEBATE.

A public debate between deaf-mutes, conducted with all the formalities of a set discussion, is an anomaly. Dialecticians with spectators but no audience; eloquent persuasion lost upon the ear, and silent arguments, which convince the mind only through the eye, are not to be met with every day, although they may be witnessed once a fortnight during the winter session of the Deaf and Dumb Debating Society, held in connection with the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, in the lecture-room at 272 Oxford Street, London.

One fine Autumn night not long ago, when the hunter's moon, large and luminous, was shining in the sky, and London pavements were alive with the hum of conversation, I turned down a side opening at the southwestern gable of St. Saviour's Church, Oxford street, and passing through a stone passage descended a short flight of stairs to find myself in a commodious lecture-hall, capable of accommodating some five hundred people. The apartment, a bare structure, with walls distempered in a low tone of color: runs east and west. The open roof is supported by several iron pillars. At the west end on a small raised platform was an oak hand-rail, approached north and south by a few wooden steps. On the north side of the platform was an easel supporting a black-board, on which was inscribed the subject of the forthcoming debate: "Was Charles the First justly executed?" and the black-board was flanked by a wooden lectern or reading-desk. Full in front of the platform stood a table with the traditional water-bottle and glass, and immediately in the rear of these properties were arranged a few seats of honor, evidently for privileged individuals. About a hundred Windsor chairs were placed, row after row, in what under any other circumstances might be called the auditorium. And presently there entered and took seats some forty or fifty intelligent-looking, silent, middle-aged and young men, almost all well and carefully dressed. There is nothing in the appearance of the company to lead the spectator to believe that any one of them may not at any moment speak to one another in the ordinary language of every-day life.

Glancing toward the wall on the proper left of the platform the eye rests on a portrait of Lord Ebury, to whom the association is indebted for constant help and encouragement. And right and left of the likeness hang the rules and regulations of the Deaf and Dumb Debating Society, and the rules of the club and reading room with which it is associated, neatly engrossed in black and red, the work of a deaf-mute, from which it is ascertained, "That the object of the society shall be to promote mutual improvement and social intercourse among the deaf and dumb at large, and to afford information on all political matters, chief topics of the day, and historical subjects that may be brought under discussion, and to give entertainments of various kinds in recitations, dramatic works, etc."

Before proceeding further I must ask the reader's pardon for calling to mind an admirably conducted deaf and dumb drama—written by a Mr. Thompson, a deaf-mute, and performed by deaf and dumb spectators—which I had the painful gratification of witnessing about two years ago at the Horns Tavern at Kensington. The play got up by the executive of the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, was called "Don Guzman; or The Ruined Duke." And I regret to add that the dramatist and chief actor—the villain of the piece—with that unfortunate weakness for appropriation which is such a distinguishing feature of the playwrights of all time, is at present in prison for swindling Mrs. Gladstone, wife of the right honorable gentleman the Member for Greenwich. I fear there will not be any more deaf and dumb dramas for many a long day. The fate of the dramatic poet has confirmed the more Puritan patrons of the association in their never altogether discarded suspicion of the inherent wickedness of plays and play-acting.

Between the time of the assembling of the company and the commencement of the debate the hall has been comparatively free from sound. But now the deaf-mutes laugh together and make strange articulate noises, treble barks of approval and bass groans of dissatisfaction. However, when the president of the society, himself a deaf-mute, ascends the platform the spectators settle in their places to see the debate.

And now for the debate. As the opener mounts the platform to introduce to the spectators—entirely in the sign-language—the historical question of the justice or injustice of the execution of Charles the First, the deaf-mutes assembled set up a great clapping of hands, the noise of which echoes and re-echoes through the hall and falls upon ears that cannot hear. Why the deaf and dumb should signify applause in a manner that to them must be incomprehensible seems extraordinary.

With a look of keen intelligence in his eyes, and with an eloquence of the hands suggestive of Cicero's golden rule of an orator, the opener lays before the spectators his views of one of the important events in the history of England. He signifies by rapid movements that it is a difficult question to decide whether King Charles the First was justly put to death or not. And this general proposition is received with half articulate laughter, with sudden bending forward and withdrawal of the face, with indistinct monotonous sounds, which I shall venture to transcribe, "er er, er," and by countless movements of the body indicative of

keen personal interest. "I declare," signifies the opener, "that the king was very harshly judged, and in the end unjustly put to death."

It is evident that the debater is a Royalist. And for nearly half an hour he supports his thesis by argument and persuasion, all the time displaying an intimate knowledge of his subject such as would do credit to a vocal casuist of force and culture. With the simple and childlike dogmatism of the ages of faith he thus clenches his argument: "You see in the Bible that David prevented one of his followers from slaying Saul, because Saul was the anointed of heaven! For a moment, the teaching of the Rev. Samuel Smith prevailed over political feeling, and the spectators imitated to the best of their ability what Buckle in his *History of Civilization* describes as "the applause of crowded senates."

But scarcely has the applause died away than another deaf-mute mounts the platform. He is a grave man of middle age, who may have made the historians and diarists of the Stuart period a profound study. With no mark of trepidation, but calm and collected, he urges with his silent fingers the necessity of regicide under exceptional circumstances. He points out the weakness of the king's cause, the injustice of his imposts, the provocation to rebellion forced upon the Hampdens and Cromwells of that age. All patriots, he signifies, must regret the occasion for what to our more enlightened minds seems a cruel verdict and execution. But free Englishmen must not forget that it was liberty which was baptised in blood.

The unvoiced enthusiasm of this deaf and dumb patriot is received with further hand-clapping, while glances of intelligence and approval passed from eye to eye among the spectators, and with broken laughs of triumph from the republican minority.

Many of the faces present wear a set smile of approbation all through the debate, an expression which seems to convey delight at the comparatively unaccustomed interchange of ideas on subjects out of the common.

Next comes a speaking missionary, who addresses the company in the sign-language, and on the side of authority. He impresses on all present the absolute necessity of willing obedience in dealing with masters and pastors; and passing lightly over the difficult subjects of ship Money and Charles' conduct with regard to Scotland and the English Parliament, gives a general adhesion to the views of the opener. He is received with respectful attention and slowly performed nods of the head.

Possibly the reader is not acquainted with a comic deaf-mute. But such one exists, and is a prominent member of the Deaf and Dumb Debating Society. He is a young man, slight in stature; and his appearance on the platform is the sign for a very volley of strange uncanny laughter. This gay, unfortunate makes merry all the day long. A born mimic, his antics are amusing. But, alas! his fooling has to the speaking sympathizer a mournful background. It is evident that he means to make comic capital out of the subject in hand. But the poor dumb fellow, more witty than profound, mixes up Charles the Second with the First in such hopeless mixtures, that the story that spectators laugh at is not of him, and he retires with a little tears of vexation coursing down his cheeks towards the upper corners of his mouth.



## Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

### "COLUMBUS."

SOME MORE BASE BALL CHOWDER—A CHINESE AMERICAN NUPITAL—OTHER NOTES AND NEWS.

The arrival of last week's JOURNAL containing the announcement that the proposed tour of the New York Institution Deaf-Mute Base Ball Club had been given up, caused some surprise among those here, who have been interested in the subject. So much had been written about it, as to make those here, really believe that there was some grit among the New York boys, and that they would most surely come West and show their steel to those who imagined they had everything their own way on the diamond field. The surprise came the more sudden, because out here, we had been led to believe that your down easters were organized and ready for the fray, the arrival of vacation, being the only obstacle to prevent a clashing of bats. Since it is settled that there will be no blood spilled between the two clubs the coming summer, the victorious club of last year, might say appropriately to the New Yorkers,

"If you are so soon done for, Wonder what you was begun for."

Taking all things into consideration, the conclusion arrived at by the members of the New York Club to stay home and earn an honest penny, by honest toil is really a wise one, and is a good example for other clubs to imitate, who are ambitious to achieve base ball notoriety. The mere idea of a mute club coming 800 miles or more for the sole glory (?) of vanquishing a rival, and not sure of that neither, is as absurd as it is useless. Such an undertaking is necessarily expensive, and the compensation returned small, unless the club should meet with a streak of good luck. But such cases are rare nowadays in base ball games. The members too are surrounded by many degrading temptations which but few have the nerve to resist, and as a result those who go on such tours return not wholly above suspicion.

The games of base ball played between the Independents and a picked nine from the city High School last Saturday afternoon, was a sort of a one sided affair. The Independents walked away with their opponents 33 to 8. Quite a large crowd of people were present to witness the opening game of the season here.

Mr. John Breen was about the Institution grounds last Saturday afternoon, and had on opportunity to witness what sort of base ball stuff the Independents had in them. He came up from Cincinnati during the day and left the same evening for Rochester, N. Y., where he hopes to secure employment in some shoe factory, Cincinnati having become too dull. The announcement that he was married, Mr. Breen says, is untrue.

The Legislature at the last moment has passed a reorganization bill, and under it about every Benevolent and Reformatory Institution in the State will have a taste being of reorganized. Governor Foster sent to the Senate to-day the names of the Trustees, five in number, for the Institution. None of the old members are retained. What changes, if any, this Board will make, it is yet too soon to predict.

Among the Trustees appointed for the Blind Institution, is a colored gentleman of this city, a minister and a barber by occupation. He has quite a reputation throughout the State as a speaker and a man of fine intelligence. He is probably the first person of his race ever appointed to a like position in Ohio.

It should have been stated in my last letter that Hon. Samuel A. Echols, a Trustee of the Georgia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was here the fore part of last week inspecting the workings of the Institution.

Mr. Chin Pean, of this city, a Celestial, was married to an American lady last Monday. Chin Pean is well remembered by many of the pupils, having come to this city three or four years ago and visited the Institution a few days. He is quite an intelligent Chinaman, being able to talk and write English fluently. During his stay at the Institution he associated with the pupils, and soon mastered the manual alphabet. He venerated tea at the markets here and by his savings has been able to lay up money enough to give his bride a diamond ring and take her with him on a honeymoon to China, for which destination they started to-day.

COLUMBUS.

### THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

On entering the rooms of the association to attend the regular meeting of the 15th, one of New York's guardians of the peace was observed sitting on the basement stoop. Many were the opinions formed as to his business there. It is probable that one was asked to be there to help the association in keeping unruly visitors—such as were present at the last meeting—quiet. The temperature of the day was such as to lead to a large attendance, and an absence of overcoats was noticed. At precisely a quarter past eight, acting-President Wilkinson called the meeting to order, and after admonishing the members to be to the point in their sayings when on the platform and avoid repeating, he introduced the Secretary to read the minutes of the previous meeting. The Secretary in reading them, failed

to mention the vote by which the expelled Secretary, Bond, was disallowed the privilege of appearing for O'Brien to conduct his charges against Froehlich. He was reminded of the fact, and said that he had it written down, but overlooked it in reading. A vote being taken, they were approved. The sub-committee appointed to interview owners of excursion boats reported that the barge Republic, and Oriental Grove, on Long Island Sound, were at their disposal, and also the day of July 8th. To avoid waste of time Leo Loewenstein offered to pay \$10 required. This led to a debate, Mr. Godfrey objecting to the association taking the money of private persons when they had enough money of their own. Mr. Ekardt seconded the motion, but Mr. Farley replied that if the deposit was not in by Saturday, the boat and grove would be open to other parties. A vote was taken on Godfrey's motion, and it was lost by a vote of 8 to 11.

The Board of control went out to consider the report of the Excursion Committee. While out Dr. Gallaudet took the floor and said that as there would be a fair held in the basement of the Church for the benefit of its music, the association would have to forego meeting on the 22d. This was accepted with good grace. The Board of Control returned while he was speaking, and acting-president Wilkinson reported that they agreed to it.

Mr. Farley then asked that landings be designated. He favored stoppage at some point near West 25th street, some point near Canal street, one near 8th street, and if possible without additional expense, one near Harlem. After some suggestions, his motion was agreed to. Next he moved that a sum be fixed for printing the tickets and circulars in connection with the excursion.

Mr. Ekardt moved that a sum not exceeding \$5 be appropriated.

Mr. Froehlich seconded it, but Godfrey objected to having any circulars printed, saying that no necessity existed for them. His motion being seconded a vote was taken and circulars dispensed with.

Mr. Ekardt again moved that \$5 be the limit fixed for printing the tickets, and Froehlich again seconded it. Mr. Ballin said that his papa was ready to print 500 tickets (Bristol Board) for \$1.50. Mr. Farley said that Mr. Ballin was probably underrating the amount of work that they would require, and that as he did not wish him or any one to be a loser he should wait before fixing his price. Dr. Gallaudet said that the reading of the tickets should be so constructed that they would in part form a circular.

Mr. Leo Loewenstein said that the tickets should be such that those seeing them would be impressed by their look and be tempted to invest in them. After Ballin had moved that \$3 be the limit, a vote was taken and Ekardt's motion was carried. This finished the excursion business for the day, or rather for the night.

The charge against Froehlich instituted by O'Brien was the next in order. Mr. O'Brien said that at a meeting held in Brooklyn in the 10th inst., an association had been formed, to be known as the Brooklyn Deaf-Mute Literary Association, the officers of which are T. Godfrey, President; W. A. Bond, Secretary; and F. T. Brown, Treasurer, and that by virtue of a clause in the Constitution and By-Laws which says that members of other deaf-mute Associations should be allowed the same privileges as the members except voting and holding office, Mr. Bond was legally entitled to the platform any time he wished to appear he wished the trial postponed to the next meeting. Acting President Wilkinson reminded Mr. O'Brien that the Association on its last meeting had decided not to allow the expelled Secretary the floor on any account.

Mr. Farley rose and said that the Association should not recognize the so-called Brooklyn D. M. A., as it was only a means invented by the expelled Secretary to try and hinder the progress of the Association and said that he did not see any necessity for Mr. O'Brien to employ a counsellor, as he was well able to conduct the case himself, but that if indeed he was need of one, he (Mr. Farley) was ready to aid him.

Dr. Gallaudet said that as Mr. Froehlich had already denied all knowledge of ever having spoken ill of him, he (Mr. O'Brien) should accept him at his word and settle it there and then. This Mr. O'Brien readily consented to, and walking up to Mr. Froehlich offered him his hand. At this there was a thunder of applause which caused the "cop" sitting on the stairs to trust his head into the room, no doubt thinking his service was required. Nothing nobler than this ever before was witnessed in the rooms.

Before this happy ending came about, Mr. Froehlich who had the floor, expressed the belief that Mr. Bond was at the bottom of it all and that seeking to get revenge on him for being the means of exposing his fraudulent transaction by which he obtained \$18.50 from the 1st Annual Excursion, he had instigated the story that Mr. O'Brien had been styled a "bum." This caused Godfrey, the expelled Secretary's tool, too jump to his feet, and with eyes glistening wildly and limbs quaking, declared that Mr. Froehlich lied. The acting President ruled him out of order, and ordered the Ser't at Arms to make him take his seat.

Mr. Godfrey soon obtained the floor and after fifteen minutes wild gesticulation, during which he was frequently

ruled out of order, he made the association understand that there was no truth in Mr. Froehlich's statement. The presence of such members as Mr. Godfrey is a disgrace to the Association.

By permission, Mr. Godfrey asked Mr. Farley, Chairman of the Law Committee, a few questions touching the expelled Secretary's case, and said that it was his belief that it was all a humbug. Mr. Souweine favored the case be kept a secret till such time as would be necessary for its success. Mr. Froehlich arose and said that he would borrow the expression of Mr. Godfrey of the previous meeting, advising the members not to meddle with the Excursion Committee, and this time advising Mr. Godfrey not to meddle with the Law Committee.

Mr. Farley then arose, and then and there settled Mr. Godfrey's inquisitiveness by saying that he only wanted to get up the impression that he was trying to defraud the Association out of the \$25, and ended by saying that he lied, as not one cent of the \$25 appropriated to pay the Lawyer's expenses, has been expended and none would until the case was finished and the bill sent in, and informing him that as he believed the case a humbug, his eyes would be opened wider than the ever had been before and that very soon.

Acting-President Wilkinson read a communication from Robert King, formerly of Ohio, at one time a student of the National Deaf-Mute College, now of this city, asking leave to say a few words. The permission was granted him. He dwelt chiefly on base ball matters, and said that most of the items mentioned him in the JOURNAL from time to time were false. He said that he left Ohio where he was formerly connected with the Independents, and came to this city to organize a club, believing that it contained material which, united and properly managed, would outshine all others. All that he asked for was encouragement and solicited contributions with which to buy uniforms.

A motion to adjourn was made and carried, which before going into effect, elected a few remarks from Dr. Gallaudet on sleep. The next meeting will be on April 29th.

### EAGLE FEATHER.

#### Forty-Fourth Street Institution.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Ever since the removal of this Institution from 14th Street to its present location, scores of applications for admission have been made and the Board of Directors have been compelled for want of room to turn away many of them, and their parents seeing that time was precious, were obliged to place their offspring in other Institutions to be educated by signs, contrary to their own wishes. The Board of Directors saw that they must have more room to extend their labor of love and determined to erect a building suitable for that purpose. To their Building fund year after year were added certain sums of money which were not so favorable as had been anticipated, and at this rate they saw that it would be some time before they could erect a permanent home. They, therefore, determined to have it built sooner or later at all hazards, and at a recent meeting they resolved to erect their much needed home on the ground granted them by the city. But where was the money to come from? They had not sufficient in the Treasury, but resolved to meet this by issuing \$250 Certificates at 6 per cent, which they hoped to be able to pay soon after entering their new home.

On the first floor will be the office and Board of Directors' room, also the school-rooms and two large study-rooms, one for boys and the other for girls. On the second floor, main building, will be the Principal's apartments, and in each wing there will be a dormitory for 30 pupils together with lavatories. On the same floor will also be the teachers' rooms. Third floor—Dormitories for 30 pupils in each wing together with the matron, her assistants and supervisor's rooms, in the front and the domestics' in the rear.

The wings will be three stories high while the main building will be four stories. This fourth story will be used as the hospital.

There will be a cellar under the entire building for coal, wood, etc. The basement will be ten feet high and entirely above the ground. The south side, capable of seating 150, will be occupied as the pupils' dining-room, while the south-east corner of the main building will be the teachers' dining-room. The other parts of the basement of the main building will be taken up with the kitchen, store-rooms, etc., together with the porter and engineers' rooms.

There will be two cloak-rooms—one for the boys and the other for girls. The basement of the north wing will be occupied as a gymnasium. All the school-rooms and dormitories will have wainscoting four feet high. The building itself will be built of Philadelphia brick with stone trimmings, to be completed May 1st, 1881, at a cost of about \$125,000. It will be fire-proof throughout and heated by steam.

The ground on which it is to be built is covered with a huge rock, which is now being blasted, at the cost of \$10,000, and according to the agreement of the contractor will be cleared by the latter part of this month.

### ARCHIMIDES.

April 16, 1880.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Only \$1.50 a year.

## Rochester News.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The school machinery has been in operation with but very little interruption since the holiday vacation ended. The pupils seem to be making good progress in language. The older kindergarten children have, it is noticed, been spelling considerably in school, although they are strongly tempted by the example of others to make signs to one another. The teachers make very great efforts to put a stop to signs and encourage the children in every way possible to spell language.

Some weeks ago, Miss Tonsey gave a little party to those of her children who had tried to make the fewest signs. She waited on them and entertained them very pleasantly. There were dishes on the table, and the children laughingly partook of a little supper as though they were little fairies.

The health of the pupils and officers appears to have been excellent, although there has been a few cases of severe illness. One of these was that of Louis Seelbach, a boy of fourteen who was taken very ill with the typhoid fever a week or two before Christmas. While he was convalescing he was taken with a relapse which was thought very critical, but under our watchful care, he happily recovered and went home in February. He has just come back. Two of our teachers were taken quite sick a few days ago, but they are recovering. One of the female pupils is very ill with the inflammation of the lungs.

The Rochester weather is, this year, very queer and fickle. A few days ago we had a very lovely and warm day, and the grass was starting up, and the next day there was a gentle spring-shower. The boys had begun to play ball in earnest, but alas! Old Probabilities disappointed them yesterday by sending another snow storm. Evidently he placed the long bitter winter back into the lap of spring, in spite of our desires and expectations. Lovers of fair weather look upon Vennor as a prophet of evil.

Miss Hattie E. Hamilton, one of our teachers in articulation, was startled early in the morning some time ago by a dispatch, announcing the severe illness of her aged father in Hartford, Conn., and went home on the first train. Later we had learned that Miss Hamilton's father had died. Her niece, Carrie Talcott, who is Prof. Westervelt's clerk, started for Hartford on Thursday last to attend the funeral.

We had a very pleasant visit two years ago from Mr. Hamilton. We were impressed by his manliness, and simplicity of manners. The writer compares him with the late Dr. Harvey P. Peet in respect to rugged strength of physique and dignity of bearing. It is a curious coincidence that, like Dr. Peet, he died at seventy-nine years of age. He was for twenty-five a deacon of the church with which he was connected, and a man on whom his pastor greatly relied for sympathy and help. In his closing sermon the pastor spoke as follows: "And when he finally died, it was in a way to remind one of a wearied child, who, at the close of the day, climbs into his mother's lap, with no intention of sleep, but only because that is his natural and dear place, and then before he knows it is gone. Literally he fell asleep. It was not death. It was sleep, deep, innocent sleep."

Earl Wilson met with a very sad accident on the 21st of February, in consequence of which he lost his right eye. While he was engaged in chopping some wood with an ax, a piece flew up like a shot striking him in the eye and penetrating it. Dr. Rider, an eminent Oculist, was at once summoned, and upon making an examination, pronounced the sight utterly destroyed. There was a deep gulf over this household and much sympathy felt by us for Earl and his family. His father was then in Nebraska looking after his land, but was telegraphed for, his mother being unable to come on account of the serious sickness of Mr. Wilson's aged father. Earl's father came three days afterwards and staid with him about one week. The injured eye is healing up very fast, and Earl now attends school regularly.

Willie L. Eastman was called home to Attica last month by a letter stating that his father's rib was broken by a barrel of apples falling upon him. He has returned to school with his report that his father was doing well enough to attend to his business without his son's help.

Miss Hattie S. Johnson, who was detained at home last fall, came back to school last February to the delight of her old classmates.

John R. Newcomb was hired by the Proprietors of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle over a year ago to distribute papers to its subscribers between 4 and 6:30 A. M., and they still keep him, as he is a faithful carrier. He gets \$1.75 per week.

On the 15th ult., the teachers and some of the older pupils had a little social reunion after the evening study in honor of Prof. Westervelt's birthday. After the refreshments were served, they indulged in various games till half-past nine, when they retired.

On Easter Sunday, some of us attended St. Luke's Church in the city. Prof. Edward P. Hart, who always takes an interest in the welfare of his mute friends, kindly interpreted for us a very interesting service conducted by his pastor, the Rev. Mr. Austice. There was on the pulpit and chancel a great profusion of beautiful and fragrant flowers, among which was a large cluster of magnificent white lilies, the emblem of perfect purity. The other day we were very much

pained to hear through a Buffalo paper, of Mr. A. V. Bergquist's unfortunate derangement caused by disappointment in love, and subsequently, of his removal to the Utica Insane Asylum. It is said that his love affairs were interfered with by certain parties in favor of another deaf-mute man. If true, what right had they in so doing when they knew Mr. Bergquist to be an honorable man with a tender heart, an agreeable countenance and a gentle temper? They have hurled our poor friend into the Insane Asylum—perhaps for life. What a great and terrible responsibility rests on the shoulders of the interferers! We all pity Mr. B. very much, and feel indignant at the most shameful manner in which he was treated while he was looking forward to a bright and happy future. We remember very well seeing Mr. Bergquist at the Buffalo Convention, and found him to be a true gentleman in every sense of the word. He was a tailor in Buffalo, with a good situation and had two rooms fitted out, nicely furnished and ornamented, and was getting ready for his double blessedness, when alas! the sad misfortune befell him and his sorrow ended in insanity. What a terrible warning to those interferers. We hope that they have learned a lasting lesson and will always let the affairs of others alone.

The game of 18 15 14, which was at first a delightful amusement, has been given up as an unsolved mystery. A wealthy gentleman of this city offered \$10,000 to a member of our family if she could set the blocks aright—the money to be paid for erecting a large brick building for the accommodation of the "Kindergarten" children.

SIDNEY HERBERT HOWARD.  
ROCHESTER, N. Y., April, 1880.

### Indiana Institution.

"In the spring the creamy white-wash glistens in the darkey's pail;

In the spring the odorous union sweetly scents the evening gale;

In the spring the vagrant cattle, saunter idly through the gate;

When we rush to save our plants we find we are too late.

In the spring the new fresh fashions come the dainty dore;

In the spring the very house-maid gets herself another dress;

In the spring we're apt to feel like children just let loose from school,

In the spring the young girl's fancy is very apt to play the fool.

In the spring each little birdie makes itself another nest,

And the young man seeks his uncle's, to redeem his Marcellus vest,

"In the spring a livelier iris comes upon the bur-nished dove;

In the spring "Miranda's" fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;

In the spring the wauton lapwing gets himself another crest."

In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of what?

And the first who dares to answer shall be shot dead on the spot.

Get your shooting-iron ready, we are tired of worldly toils,

In the spring the young man's fancy turns to find a cure for boils.

"Sly's" personal mention in the late paper was perfectly splendid. He'd be hard to beat.

Etta Loman is better, and the Dr. thinks she will recover. Say, "Kendall," which is correct, library or library-room? Be good for once and enlighten us.

Many, many thanks, we shall be most happy to meet the "trapper." Send him in a special car, and rest assured we will handle him tenderly and lift him with care.

"Geraldine" says she belongs to the class that is powerful hard to "squeeze." We would advise her to take anti-fat, and then the boys won't have to go half way round."

"Sly" is so thoughtful. He says he'll send us home under the conductors care. We like that better than buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. Bee line conductors are awful accommodating fellows.

Why don't "Geraldine" start a puzzle corner in the JOURNAL? She is so smart in that line, Oh!

Mr. Jewell's "U. S." was a masterly production. He must be a "jewel," and the owner (if) ought to be supremely happy if not more so.

We should be delighted to make the acquaintance of "A. S. W." of Philadelphia. She writes too beautifully.

Now is the time to catch a cold, For the ground's so damp;

A cold is caught by young and old, And they suffer with catarrh.

MITON.

April, 1880.

### OHIO NEWS.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—I am very much pleased with the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, a paper of great interest to both deaf-mutes and hearing persons. Through it I can hear very well. The first school I went to was the Institution for Deaf-Mutes and the Blind at Flint, Michigan. The JOURNAL should be taken by every deaf-mute who can read. I hope this letter will be of interest.

Rev. A. W. Mann came here April 1st, and in the evening, there was a combined service a St. Paul's Episcopal Church, conducted by Rev. J. E. Julian, its rector, and Rev. A. W. Mann. Rev. Mr. Mann interpreted in the sign-language the evening service. The sermon was about the education of the deaf-mutes of to-day and long ago. He repeated a beautiful hymn which was sung by the choir. It was, "Nearer my God to Thee." There were six mutes present, more are hoped to be at his next service. In such a combined service, the deaf-mutes and hearing persons are together in Divine Worship. The

Prayer book, a system of the Episcopal Church, meets the spiritual wants of Deaf-Mutes particularly, and the service of that Church differs somewhat from others and is easier for the mutes to follow. Rev. A. W. Mann was accompanied by his wife, a very pleasant and accomplished lady. Rev. J. E. Julian is rector of the Church at this place, and there are now five mute members of the church. Will "Sly," of Michigan, be so kind as to send me Mr. Preston S. Perry's full address as soon as convenient? He was one of my classmates in 1870-73.

There are a very few mutes in this town and I am not able to give you many items concerning them.

"Columbus" can not prove that is a "Miss" J. F. Haskins at the Ohio Institution for Deaf-Mutes, but there is a "Mr." J. F. Haskins who wants the honor of seeing the cabalistic letters B.A. affixed to his name.

Miss Mary Ryn, a deaf-mute Marion girl, who now works in the State Bindery, paid her Marion friends a visit a short time ago.

Mr. David M. Ross, formerly a Marionite, now lives in Lewis Centre, Ohio, and there he follows the shoemaker's trade.

I will close—hoping this will not slide into the enemy of the public—the waste basket.

CHIEF WEATHERFORD.

MARION, OHIO, April 12, 1880.

### Hatfield-Mahoney.

A very pleasant wedding party assembled at the residence of Officer John McCain, 136 Buckeye street, last evening. The occasion was the marriage of Miss Ada Mahoney and Mr. Christian C. Hatfield. The bride is a niece of Mrs. McCain, and was by her and her husband adopted when a mere child. The bridegroom is a printer, and has been for some years employed in the Democrat news-room. Both are very worthy young people, and will be congratulated by a large circle of friends. A peculiarity of this wedding is that both parties, together with the officiating minister and the bridesmaid and groomsmen, are all deaf-mutes as were also quite a number of those in attendance. The party was an unusually large one for a private wedding. Among those present were quite a large number of policemen with their families and many neighbors and relatives.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. W. Mann, a deaf-mute Episcopal clergyman of Cleveland, engaged in missionary work among deaf-mutes throughout the country.

The attendants were Miss Ellen Le-fever, residing in the country, some miles south of the city, bridesmaid, and Mr. George Van Doren, of Franklin, groomsmen. The entire party was very elegantly dressed—the bride in wine-colored silk with lace and flowers, the groom in the usual black broad-cloth. After the ceremony, which was conducted in silence and by signs only, but in conformity with the beautiful and imposing ritual of the Episcopal church, followed the wedding supper, which in itself may be mentioned as a compliment to Mrs. McCain and the ladies who assisted her. It was indeed a very elegant affair—it was a banquet rather than supper.

The bride was the recipient of a number of beautiful and useful presents, among which we notice:

Bouquets for bride and bridesmaid—George Cross and Mrs. Jennie Spang, uncle and aunt of the bride.

Elegant silver castor—Members of the police force.

Silver molasses pitcher and sugar bowl—J. L. Butz and wife.

Silver pickle castor and pair vases—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keiser.

Glass pitcher and bowl—Miss Lizzie Reussenzehn.

Glass bread plate—Mr. and Mrs. E. Mann.

Toilet set—Miss Mollie C. Haas.

Glass fruit dish—Miss Ida Wise.

Pair silver napkin rings—Mr. and Mrs. John A. Hauser.

Pair lace handkerchiefs—Miss Lida Hauser.

Tablecloth and napkins—Miss Mary Feight.

Glass fruit dish—Miss Ella Lefever.

Bedspread and towels—Mrs. Jennie Spang.

Tablecloth—Miss Mary Schreck.

Tin chamber set—Miss Lizzie Demphle.

Picture—Mrs. Caroline Cross.

Elegant hat—Mr. and Mrs. John McCain.

### UNSTEADINESS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please allow me space in your valuable paper to express my opinion as to the cause of the "unsteadiness" in the gait of deaf-mutes. A great deal has been said about this and different opinions given. From what I have observed in other deaf-mutes and in my own case, I think that this "unsteadiness" comes from the sickness that "landed" us in the "silent world," or from some mental cause. I am convinced that the former is the real cause, for in those who were born deaf and dumb this "unsteadiness" is with few or no exceptions, wanting, while in those who became deaf through sickness it is peculiar characteristic.

In deaf-mutes who lost their hearing at an early age, it is not so great as in those who became deaf at the age of 15, 17, 19 or 21 years, but in some of the former it is easily seen. A friend of mine who lost his hearing at a very tender age by falling and striking his head, experiences a great deal of this "unsteadiness." I have seen him walk straight in the daytime, but in the night he walks in a zig-zag line. I have often observed this mode of

walking in him and have tried to find out the cause. I once read in a paper that the cause of the "unsteadiness" in some people was caused by close confinement and study. This may be true among hearing persons, but I do not believe that it is the cause of the "unsteadiness" in deaf-mutes. The real cause of this in the person I was speaking of, comes, I think, from the shock he received in the fall which made him deaf.

I have seen deaf-mutes who were born so, walk with a step as firm as any one, and when I asked them to walk on one of the narrow planks of the school-room floor they could do it easily while their companions who became deaf through sickness could not accomplish it without difficulty.

It is also a noticeable fact among deaf-mutes that they drag their feet as they walk, thereby causing a great deal of noise which is very disagreeable to their hearing brethren, and sometimes a screeching noise is made which causes the teeth of hearing people to grind on their edges.

From this, another opinion arises as to the cause of the "unsteadiness" in mutes. The friction caused by the dragging of the feet on the ground and the movement of the body when walking is very likely to make any one walk in an unsteady way. But whether this is one of the real causes or not I am not positive, although it seems to be.

In my own case I experience very little of this "unsteadiness," but although it is slight I feel its disagreeableness very much. For sometimes in accompanying a friend home I am liable to stagger and push against her two or three times.

The reason, I think, that this so called "unsteadiness" in our gait is caused by the disease which made us deaf. I remember before I was taken ill with Typhoid fever some one presented me with a top which would spin only when you blew in a small tube provided for that purpose, I could blow for sometime without becoming tired. Well, when I became sick and recovered, I found this top among my belongings, my mother having put them all away for me. But whenever I blew in it again I was affected with that sensation known as "dizziness" which had never before my illness affected me, and if this is caused by the disease which brought me into the "silent world" I believe that the "unsteadiness" of our walk comes from the same source, although in walking I am never dizzy.

Many hearing people are unsteady in their walk, but what the cause of the "unsteadiness" in them is, I do not know, but when some of them are told that they do not walk straight they will deny it point blank.

T. FRANCIS DRISCOLL.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1880.

### A Letter from Denver, Col.

On April 11th, Mr. R. D. Livingstone was taken suddenly ill from the effects of a surgical operation, and he was confined to his bed at his hotel and placed under the care of two physicians. His friends, especially young ladies, upon hearing of his illness were greatly alarmed, and came to see him, and all the delicacies of the season were sent to his room. I am happy to say that he is now out of danger, and think he will be able to attend to his duties before long.

We have lovely weather, resembling the climate of Italy in many respects.

Messrs. Alex. Houston, formerly of Worcester, Mass., and Rollin Wells, of San Francisco, Cal., have been stopping in Denver for several days, and went on to Leadville last week.

It is reported that another deaf-mute, named Mr. Hutchinson, of Kansas City, a graduate of the Minnesota Institution, is coming to Denver to settle permanently next month.

Mr. Louis Huff, late of St. Louis, Mo., intends



# O Say Not "Life is Dark."

O say not life is dark;  
There's brightness for us all,  
For you and me, for every one,  
The warm sun rays fall;  
The moon and stars at night thy path,  
Illumine as well as mine,  
For you and me, for every one,  
The beams of pleasure shine.

O say not life is dark,  
Though fortune be not fair,  
The cottage of a toiling man,  
May have a jewel there;  
Though gain has never found its hoard,  
Its golden circle bent;  
Yet is the gem of true love there,  
That board to ornament.

O say not life is dark,  
If penury be thine,  
At thy command the light of Hope,  
Will ne'er refuse to shine,  
But strive and work thy humble way,  
And peace thy life will bless,  
The fountain head whence issues all,  
Of human blessedness.

O say not life is dark,  
There's brightness all around;  
How oft beneath a lonely garb,  
A polished heart is found;  
The laborer in his lowly home,  
The beggar on the road,  
The miser and the millionaire,  
All have one common God.

O say not life is dark,  
There's pleasure for us all;  
Though some may never tread where wealth,  
Has let her blessings fall;  
For humble joys that in the heart,  
Are cultured into birth,  
Make up for us life's richest wealth,  
The sweetest joys of Earth.

O say not life is dark,  
There's brightness for us all;  
For you and me, for every one,  
The warm sun rays fall;  
The leaves that wave in summer time,  
And every flower that springs,  
To you as well as me its store,  
Of Nature's beauty-brings.

O say not life is dark,  
While mind continues bright;  
Tears well to mourn from the drain,  
Great reason takes her flight,  
But while the heart is poised with health,  
And thought keeps bright her spark,  
And friends are thine the humble ones,  
"O say not life is dark!"

MAUD.

## NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

As the days grow longer the expectations of the small boy, who is well represented, rise in proportion as the days lengthen. The refreshing green in which the lawns are now decked is indeed a treat after having been subjected to the confinement of the dreary wintry days. Less than a dozen weeks intervene between now and that event, which may be said to be the most important and the most appreciated of all events of a school boy's life—vacation. Already it can be seen that the thoughts of all run in this direction, and if they do not count the days and weeks upon their fingers publicly as the wheels of Old Father Time leaves one and the other behind in succession, they do so, anyhow, in private. A large number will bid their *Alma Mater* a farewell when the occasion comes.

Two of the High Class students intend entering the National College, at Washington, one probably next Fall, and the other in '81. One of the others is ambitious to get into a business college in the city, and several other members of the class who have no such high aspirations, will go home.

The weather prophets, particularly Vennor, have given forth that April would be characterized by uncertain weather, meaning that it would be hot, cold, milk-warm, moist, and such like. That they failed to hit the nail on that part, figuratively termed the head, has been rendered evident by the average temperature since the month was opened by the fun and frolic of All-Fools Day.

The afternoons have been so pleasant that the High Class, ever alert to seize upon variety, have taken advantage of them to sun themselves every day on the dock at the foot of the Institution grounds. This has ever been a popular resort when no other was at hand.

The influx of visitors has been quite large, the improved condition of the walks and roads having evidently infused courage into those timid ones who deferred coming before on account of the mud they would have had to wade through.

The Institution is, or was, the owner of a drum which, like many other valuable things, has a history, and has figured in the daily routine of life here as far back as our recollection extends. Its sonorous tattoo announced in eloquent bass, when the hour set apart for attending on the wants of the inner man was at hand. Its voice was heard when anything went wrong or got mixed up, and when one of the venerable supervisors was forced into a frame of mind bordering on insanity by the antics of some urchin more mischievous than the others, it proclaimed his excitability. Likewise, when he had ceased "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies" and was complacent, its tones were as mellow as those of a violin screwed up the wrong way. So it can be seen that it has enjoyed an eventful career. Of late its tattoo has not been heard, indeed, not even its skeleton has been seen. Its absence has been sorely felt, and whether it has been knocked down under the auctioneer's hammer, or reposes on the shelf in some pawnbroker's office, or has been given as a subscription to the *Herald* fund—for in these strains the rumors run—cannot be divined.

Trunks are being rummaged through for such remnants of former Spring fashions as may have been put there some time in the past beyond the recollection of the owner. Lavender pants, averaging about four inches too short, have made their appearance. From the gait of the wearers, it would seem that the style of cut is not altogether productive of comfort, and the contortions made by such, make them interesting subjects for those who have a knack for the curious.

There was no recitation on Friday in the classroom of the High Class, owing to the illness, it was said, of Professor Jenkins. Much sympathy was expressed by the students, teachers and others, in his behalf. All expressed a hope that Monday will find him at his accustomed post, for his absence on Friday and the uncertainty regarding the cause, cast a gloom over the students which they are only too eager to have removed by his presence in his accustomed place before them.

A very interesting and instructive lecture was delivered on the evening of the same day, by Prof. E. H. Currier, who illustrated his subject with an abundance of picturesque views with the aid of the Stereopticon, which like his former lectures, showed his characteristic versatility and taste. His theme was Berlin, the main part being devoted to it, while some scope was given in descriptions of Prussia and other States. The views were in themselves magnificent, of a varied character and fully described in well-chosen and appropriate language. Towards the close, some miscellaneous pictures were shown, some possessing much artistic merit, which elicited frequent and enthusiastic applause.

A number of the girls partook of Holy Communion at Rev. Dr. Stoddard's Church, on Washington Heights, on Sunday of last week. The exercises were interpreted to them by the Principal, who was in attendance.

A debate is announced for Saturday evening, to be given under the auspices of the Literary Society. The question to be handled is, "Is the service of a policeman more valuable than that of a fireman?" The affirmative side will be supported by C. F. Sloan and F. W. Hewitt, and the negative by C. W. Hathaway and A. Capelli.

Barnum has attracted some of the pupils to his "Greatest show on Earth." The relish for amusement is growing stronger, and we yet may expect to hear that a first class box in a first class show has been secured by some one with more cash than brains, and a stronger hankering after the ideal than after the real.

GOOSE QUILL.

## FANWOOD, April 17, 1880.

### SALMAGUNDI.

Ah! ha! ha! Barnum, you can beat "Sly," "Mignon" and all those College chaps in the way of telling a pretty (or) story—even the dervish who, while travelling in a desert, met two merchants and accosted them thus:—"You have lost a camel." "Indeed we have," was the reply of both simultaneously. "Was he not blind in his right eye and lame in his left leg?" said the dervish. "He was," replied the merchants. Had he last a front tooth?" said the dervish. "He had," rejoined the merchants. "And was he not loaded on one side with honey and corn on the other?" asked the inventive dervish. "Most certainly he was," they replied, "and as you have seen him so lately and described him so well we suppose you can conduct us to him."

"My friends," said the yet sober dervish, "I have never seen your camel or ever heard of him, but from yourselves." Imagine how these merchants felt the moment they perceived that they were "sold" and what they did with the dervish in that country where they abound.

Now Barnum, remember while your inventive mind can costume such pretty stories and every body likes to laugh, you can not inveigle the public of this age into the belief that imagination can do nothing like facts. Barnum's brother Jasper is equal to him in the way of invention. Lately I read a letter to the Mute *Advances*, from Jasper. It was the drollest letter I ever read. Jasper was trying to make fun of "Peter," the Jack of many trades. I will try to write it from memory, *verbatim et literatim*. "Peter has bought a farm, a good one. He will have to learn to farm. He will plant corn for sugar cane, beans for onions, turnips for potatoes and sow buck-wheat for wheat, and rye for flax, and I believe he said, eggs for pumpkins. No one but those who are intimate with him, can see the fun in it."

Very lately, while Mr. E. W. Wood and family, of Greenfield, were away on a visit to friends in the "Yazoo of Indians" burglars broke into his office and carried off his valuables—don't know the amount of booty. The *Advances* has at last, it seems to some, found a splendid chance to "heap coals of fire" upon the head of one whose administration exerted all the influence he could to destroy its circulation among the children and graduates of the Institution in years past. By publishing the article on the Report, it means that that administration was fallible while it means the present one is infallible. All right, What more about it?

Base ball-fever is prevalent among the boys nowadays, and "white-topped" or "dressed" fingers are noticeable now. You can see a dozen of these ornaments in each class, on one side of the room. It blends well with the red and blue ornaments on the fair sex, on the other side.

There "unfortunates" (?) are regarded as the most fortunate, inasmuch as it is the first lesson in "nursing, the tender."

The "trees" of the gymnasium still stand up joined together by a beam replete with rings and holes, but no one seems to have forgotten the first lesson he took in "nursing" a broken or fractured limb or skull or a dislocated joint. The new comers look upon it with wondering and inquisi-

tive minds, but all answers and demonstrations seem to have no actual effect upon these inexperienced "nurses" as they rush past the base ball hitter when he is in actual action of striking the ball with a six pound bat. But all or most of those chaps have enough of manly pluck to attend their duties as usual. No frivolous excuses are made on their part, and the hours in school do not seem to them like "swans dying." Nor like those hours that passed away with "Little Bo-Peep" and "Lady of Lyons," with that "Thaddeus of Warsaw" a few weeks ago. No, not by a long shot.

By chance, or mischance, Old Boreas injected into our April weather too much of the icy chill of winter. This day (the 10th) the thermometer stands somewhere below the freezing point. Spring has been here a long time, and the gentle South wind has been busy working since unloosing the streams, sweeping through the forests and brushing over the orchards, starting the sap in the trees and calling to leaf, bud and blossom, "Make Ready." The birds followed him from the south with their merry songs and chirping, and he bade them have thought for their nests. But lo! have mercy on these poor creatures, old Jack Frost came upon us with a voice as harsh as the December blast that comes howling over the mountains, with no mercy on the poor who had just left off some underware. There goes flakes of snow by the window. There comes "Bo-Peep" and "Lady of Lyons" with rose cheeks and red noses, bitten by that Old Tyrant who drove them in from a pleasure walk.

AN INDIAN.

## An Ironical Retort.

DARLING HONEYATWAY:—How could you hurt my feelings by such a cruel doubt of my sincere affection for you? How could you, oh, how could you? My feelings are wounded beyond all cure, and my heart is already breaking. The very idea of comparing our life-long friendship to contemptible postage stamps and money value is a very good proof of your weak knowledge of our sex and their true-heartedness. Your dear Mike would gladly enter a poorhouse if by so doing he might obtain the wherewithal to keep up a correspondence; and here allow me to remind you of that wise invention, viz: "Tin Foil" which might prove of great service to you and me. I assure you, dear Honey, I would never allow my blooming beauty to be turned away to please any but you, dearest. I never was a great admirer of goose-shaped necks, and shall therefore keep my precious head O. K. for your sake, at least, if not for my own convenience. Oh! think of the misery of being compelled to twist my proboscis from southwest to northeast every time I wished to get a glimpse of my charming vis-a-vis, Miss B. (excuse me, dear, a slip of my pen), Prof. Pollywig. Now, I am sure astonished to see in your letter a current of bitterness against the poor students, or, as you contemptuously say, "turned-up-noses." I am sure that is a mistake. They are the sweetest creatures on earth (yourself excepted), and are the life and soul of our jolly parties, etc. Bella Dash is quite right, and she seems to be a sensible girl. Of course the college chaps are charmed with her for her deserved flattery, and I feel just sweet, for of course she meant I was the handsomest one, for all the girls are raving about my exceeding beauty, lovely bloom of my little round apple, and delicate curl of my spring crop. Do not feel jealous, for of course I am your own dear Mike, and changeless as April weather. I am sure it was quite excusable for you girls to want to get a good view of us lovely young collegians, and we are glad you derived so much real pleasure. Such a pity the dear governess was afraid her nurslings would take cold in the airy hall, because, being thus penned in, it was impossible for you to make your appearance and give us the warm reception you so much desired to bestow. But, dear Honey, you were mistaken. We did see your lovely green eyes peeping through the cracks, and were greatly flattered at your evident admiration of our lovely toilets. Were we not just irresistibly fascinating? And allow me to tell you the little episode of the rainbow-colored eyes was not such a complete deception. We took a splendid laugh over your greenness in thinking we swallowed all that stuff about the industriously lost eye. The very ideal! Why, we study like steam engines, and never lose any of our natural appendages. The person who told us was probably either a tract distributor or a London circuit rider; in either case he doubtless wished to be thought a "White Cravat." I wish I could convince you of my sincerity when I say that I do admire the courage and blooming beauty of the "Deaf and Dumb Girl." To be sure, tastes differ; still, to my enraptured mind, nothing is so fascinating as the bells of Deaf and Dumb Institutions. I am so sorry to hear you take delight in such gentle amusements as thinning the hair of the ladies' darling, "The Modern Student," and oh! Honey, how could you be so cruel as to make sport of the delicate hirsute productions of our upper lips. You know we have the very best of excuses in the scarcity of cats and rarity of cream here at our aristocratic college. As your sincere friend, my dear Honey, allow me to advise you in future never to show your jealousy as you did in your letter, especially in your N. B. Ladies were made to be parlor ornaments, not to shine (as you do) living models of wisdom, that task was destined for man alone (lovely

creature). The most original deaf and dumb girl will shine best when seated in the parlor amusing her little lap-dog, and will be quite as much admired and courted as those charming fellows, college chaps. You know I never was proud of my beauty, wealth, and above all, my high birth, (my father being a soap boiler) which though high, has never been a sufficient cause of pride in me. I hope I shall soon hear that you have acquired the wit, wisdom and grace, which so mortally offended you in our students, who, being born of "blue blood," naturally show it in everyday intercourse with all, not even excepting the charming "Deaf and Dumb Girl" we so much admire. Trusting you will look with more favor upon my ambition to soon be classed among the O. K. students, I remain now, as ever, your most sincere admirer.

MIKE.

## An Improved Audiphone.

An improvement in the American audiphone has recently been announced, which it is claimed will bring that valuable invention into more general use among the deaf. The audiphone is the invention of Mr. R. G. Rhodes, of Chicago, and was designed to supersede the hearing trumpet in cases of partial deafness. It is made of hard ebonite rubber, and consists of a thin plate capable of bending, and when curved, the convex side is turned outward and the instrument pressed against the upper front teeth, sounds received on the plate cause it to vibrate, the vibrations being conveyed by the teeth and bones of the skull to the auditory nerves. Professor Coladon, of Geneva, substitutes for the ebonite a cheap strip of elastic cardboard, with a smooth glazed surface. Experiments made in an institution for deaf-mutes, near Geneva, with this new form of the audiphone, "yield results quite equal, if not superior," it is said, "to those afforded by the ebonite article of fifty times the cost." Supplied with this simple contrivance, a number of deaf-mutes stationed near a grand piano and blindfolded could at once distinguish between its high and low notes, and between its tones and those of a violoncello.

But a still greater improvement has just been announced in the audiphone. After a long series of experiments, says the English scientific journal, *Nature*, Mr. Thomas Fletcher has found the best material of which the audiphone can be made is birchwood veneer. Cut into an oval disk, steamed and bent to a curve, it can be conveniently held between the teeth almost without consciousness of its presence. For some persons any audiphone is a more efficient help than the trumpet, and this last named modification of the instrument promises to become a boon to thousands. The astonishing amount of defective vision which recent experiments in color-blindness has shown to exist is perhaps not greater than that of defective hearing, as Dr. Carpenter has shown; and many persons who hear some sounds well cannot distinguish others of a different pitch. If the audiphone can be made light and easy to handle there is no doubt it would be used by hundreds who cannot brook the clumsy trumpet, and no reason why it may not rival the eyeglass as an aid to impaired sensibility.

## Mysterious Poisoning.

IN MAHONING COUNTY, OHIO.—HENRY BOOTH PROSTRATED, HIS SISTER MARY DEAD, AND HIS SISTER ELIZA LYING LOW.

Some years ago the Booth family, consisting of two bachelor brothers and maiden sisters, removed from just across the Mahoning county, Ohio, line to Lisbon. The eldest brother, Benjamin, is a deaf-mute. Henry has been largely engaged in the ore business near New Lisbon, while Benjamin and Mary, one of the sisters, ran the 99-cent store in that place which they bought from E. A. Fowler & Co., now of Youngstown. The whole family are exceedingly well known in the latter place, and the tragic end of their father, some 16 or 17 years ago, old citizens will remember. A week ago Mr. Henry Booth was taken with violent vomiting, and on last Saturday, Dr. Buechner, of Youngstown was telegraphed to go and see him. Owing to professional engagements, the doctor could not leave, and another message came on Sunday, and another Monday, and on Tuesday a gentleman came in person to insist on the doctor's going to New Lisbon. He said it was utterly impossible to go that day, but would go Wednesday evening, if that would do. Accordingly the doctor went that morning, returning to Youngstown in the evening. On arriving at New Lisbon he found Miss Mary Booth dead, after an illness of only 24 hours. Miss Eliza had also been taken with vomiting that evening, before the arrival of the doctor. Her condition was and is exceedingly precarious. The doctor was greatly perplexed in finding a solution of the cause which prostrated the whole family so greatly and so terribly. His first idea was that it was *trichinosis*, but Eliza explained that she never ate pork dressed of that hypothesis. There was a lack of symptoms of arsenical poison. The doctor is confident that it is corrosive poisoning, though the want of pain would seem to militate against this theory.

The doctor returned to New Lisbon that evening, and he will give the case as thorough an examination as is possible, and endeavor to ascertain the hidden cause of the calamity. Mr. Henry Booth is over the direct effects of the poison, but still is much pro-

trated, though it is probably that he will recover. Benjamin is the only one of a family of four who has thus escaped, though how soon he may be stricken no one pretends to know.

## Cincinnati News.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—At the meeting of the Cincinnati Deaf-mute Society on the 10th instant, the attendance was larger than was anticipated, owing to the fact that the question of holding its first grand picnic would be taken up for consideration. It was agreed that a committee be appointed to visit, and make a selection of a suitable place for that purpose, which was satisfactorily done the next day. The result is, that the Highland House has answered their purpose, the proprietor having given every satisfaction as to its accommodations.

The Hotel, beautifully located on the corner of Hill, commands a full view of the Queen City on its sides and its connections too numerous to mention. The 23d of June is the time for the meeting of guests who are solicited to unite in rendering the occasion a success.

Comprehending the rapid advancement of the Society, the writer claims the privilege of writing what he knows and observed, rather to darken the falsity that has seemingly prevailed to some extent, instead of the vindication of truth when, in fact, the organization was to be made at the first time at the motion of a sufficient number of mutes for mental improvement. There was a young, well educated man present at the last meeting probably for the first time, for no other purpose than to watch its actions for the good. Just before the adjournment, he was evidently seized with a strong desire to join the Club, which had at once awakened the kind feelings of the members and was congratulated upon the addition of his membership, thus swelling their number. It seems that he had been deprived of the pleasure of ascertaining the object of the Club from the beginning, for he assures us that he has committed a mistake in adhering to his idle opinions as to its backwardness of which he should not have dreamed owing to the negligence of his duties as a keeper. Furthermore, he announces his intention to do all he can for the advancement of its interests. Besides the new member, there is an addition to the lists—a gratifying evidence of the continuance of its popularity. Who would not follow?

The truth is, that the Society is now in as flourishing a condition as the day school, which had but a few scholars, about twelve in number, with a teacher at the beginning, but now has forty or more with an addition of two teachers.

If one outsider is asked what he thinks of the Society, he will state that it is a "Circus," ask another and it is a "Courtship Society," and one after one in almost endless variety, but it is really none of these, but still gives a promise of success in the common cause despite these silly inventions.

The privilege of attending is cheerfully extended to all who may wish to enjoy the development of their minds and to help others in need of further improvement.

It shows very pleasantly that we endeavor to cultivate our minds and to acquire useful knowledge, which is highly commendable.

J. C. BARKLEY.

NEWPORT, KY., April 17, 1880.

## Fashion Notes.

—The Louis Fourteenth costume is a favorite for girls of eight or ten years.

—Everything is worn, and fashions are appropriated from all epochs and from all countries.

—New York dry-goods men expect an extraordinary demand for rich materials this season.

—Very simple dresses for traveling have merely stitching, cords and tassels, or many rows of braid for trimming.

—Children's dresses are made of two colors, light color for the foundation and dark contrasting color for trimming.

—Japanese fans become smaller and smaller, and are now seen no larger than the palm of one's hand, and in all sorts of grotesque shapes and designs.

—The short suit with train buttoned on is very useful and excellent. Two dresses are combined in one, providing a short costume for the street and a long one for house wear.

—Scarf mantles, with ruffs of lace around the neck and about the shoulders, are bordered with shell trimming of lace and jet fringe, and have their long pointed ends tied together at the waist with a bow of satin ribbon.

—Short dresses of blue linen and blue Scotch ginghams are combined with borders of striped claret-colored stuff, or have collars, cuffs and borders of Turkey red with palmleaf figures.

—Some of the most graceful and richest fabrics are imported for children's wear. The *Bazar* says old paintings have been copied literally in the color and fashion of many of those little costumes, and the price of single dresses sometimes reach as high as \$150.

—The sleeved mantle with pleated back is a favorite. The sides are gathered into a small sleeve, merely caught at the wrist, while it slopes thence like a mantle toward the back. The back is pleated and the front is trimmed with passementerie pleated lace and fringe.

## No longer a Belle.

The once most beautiful woman of Arkansas, says a Little Rock correspondent, is now a beggar and, though not a literary woman, has a wooden leg. She is the daughter of Sandy Faulkner, the original "Arkansas Traveller." She has been married several times, and is now known as Mrs. Trappnell. In the old days of Arkansas aristocracy, when the rich planters and men of note gathered at the Ashley mansion, Miss Faulkner was the belle, petted, flattered and admired by every one. Her wardrobe came from Paris, and her lovers from everywhere. Slave to the demands of society and conquest, she was haughty, and was considered heartless. Her sway for years was undisputed, and when her financial decline came, she would not recognize a fact which seemed so preposterous. She married, but her husband did not prove to be wealthy. From this husband, if we are correctly informed, she was divorced. She was still beautiful, and, though divorced from her husband, was still inseparably wedded to society. But the bright star of her life had begun to grow dim. Her father died and left her with comparatively nothing. She still had offers of marriage. On one occasion a large party was forming to visit the New Orleans Mardi Gras festivities. She was unable to meet the necessary expenses. A gentleman who had heard her express herself, and with whom she was scarcely acquainted, remarked to her: "If you will marry me I will take you to New Orleans." "I will," she exclaimed, and they were married. This husband, I think, died shortly afterward. Some time after this she met with quite an accident. While riding in a buggy the horse ran away. She was thrown out and sustained the injury of a broken leg. This might not have proven so serious had she not disobeyed the instructions of the physicians and disregarded the advice of friends. She insisted upon receiving visitors, and would sit all day and half the night, propped up in bed, laughing and talking in her gayest humor. Her restlessness at last rendered amputation necessary. I met her to-day. She has just been turned out of a house for failing to pay her rent. A more forlorn-looking woman never lived. She had been out begging, and limping along she carried a basket. She is quite old now, and her hair is as white as the record of St. John. You can tell, in a moment that she has been beautiful, for her mouth, pearly teeth, her eyes and magnificent brow, all declare that they were once organized into a convention of beauty, with a rich suit of hair as the chairman.

## The Housewife's Table.

The following is a very valuable housewife's table, by which persons not having scales and weights at hand, may readily measure the article wanted to form any recipe, without the trouble of weighing, allowance to be made for any extraordinary dryness or moisture of the article weighed or measured:

Wheat flour, one pound is one quart.

Indian meal, one pound two ounces are one quart.

Butter when soft, one pound is one quart.

Loaf sugar, broken, one pound is one quart.

White sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce are one quart.

Best brown sugar, one pound two ounces are one quart.

Ten eggs are one pound.

A common tumbler holds half a pint.

A teacup is one gill.

A large wine-glass is one gill.

Forty drops are equal to one table-spoonful.

## Domestic Recipes.

SANDERS OF COLD BEER.—Mince beef (or mutton or veal) small, with pepper and salt; add a little gravy. Put it into scallop shells, or a baking dish, with mashed potatoes and cream. Put a bit of butter on the top and brown them in an oven.

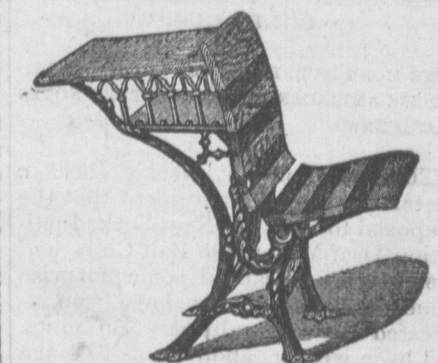
TEA CAKE.—Melt one ounce of butter in a little new milk; add a spoonful of yeast and a little salt, mix it into a pound of flour, add a spoonful of sugar. Knead it well until it leaves the hands; let it rise two or three hours; roll out, and let it stand an hour or less before the fire to rise, before baking, in a moderate oven.

GERMAN FLUMMERY.—Half pint of milk, two ounces of corn starch, two of sugar; boil until moderately thick. Flavor with lemon or vanilla; beat the white of four eggs to a snow, stir it lightly, turn the whole into a jelly mould (any dish will answer) that has not been wet with milk; let it get cool and firm; serve with any fruit syrup, boiled custard or whipped cream.

STUFFED EGGS.—Boil the eggs hard; cut them in two lengthwise, and remove the yolk, which chop, adding to them some cooked chicken, lamb, veal or pickled tongue chopped fine; season the mixture, and add enough gravy or the yolk of raw eggs to bind them; stuff the cavities, and smooth them and press the two halves together; roll them in beaten egg and bread crumbs twice. When just ready to serve, dip them in a wire basket into boiling lard, and when they have taken a delicate color drain. Serve for lunch on a napkin and garnish with parsley or any kind of leaves or serve with tomato sauce.

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